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ible, and to know what was useless. Imperatively requiring dexterity of touch, they gradually forgot to look for tenderness of feeling; imperatively requiring accuracy of knowledge, they gradually forgot to ask for originality of thought. The thought and the feeling which they despised departed from them, and they were left to felicitate themselves on their small science, and their neat fingering. This is the history of the first attack of the Renaissance upon the Gothic schools, and of its rapid results; more fatal and immediate in architecture than in any other art, because there the demand for perfection was less reasonable and less consistent with the capabilities of the workmen, being utterly opposed to that rudeness or savageness on which, as we saw above, the nobility of the elder schools in great part depends. But inasmuch as the innovations were founded on some of the most beautiful examples of Art, and headed by some of the greatest men the world ever saw, and as the Gothic with which they interfered was corrupt and valueless, the first appearance of the Renaissance feeling had the appearance of a healthy movement. A new energy replaced whatever weariness or dullness had effected the Gothic mind; an exquisite taste and refinement, aided by extended knowledge, furnished the first models of the new school; and over the whole of Italy a style arose, now known as cinque-cento, which, in sculpture and painting, as I just stated, produced the noblest masters whom the world ever saw, headed by Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Leonardo; but which failed of doing the same in architecture, because, as we have seen above, perfection is therein not possible, and failed more totally than it would otherwise have done, because the classical enthusiasm had destroyed the best types of architectural form.

For, observe here very carefully, the Renaissance principle, as it consisted in a demand for universal perfection, is quite distinct from the Renaissance principle as it consists in a demand for classical and Roman forms of perfection. And if I had space to follow out the subject as I should desire, I would first endeavor to ascertain what might have been the course of the Art of Europe if no manuscripts of classical authors had been recovered, and no remains of classical architecture left, in the fifteenth century; so that the executive perfection to which the efforts of all great men had tended for five hundred years, and which now at last was reached, might have been allowed to develop itself in its own natural and proper form, in connection with the architectural structure of earlier schools. This refinement and perfection had indeed its own perils, and the history of later Italy, as she sank into pleasure, and thence into corruption, would probably have been the same, whether she had ever learned again to write pure Latin or not. Still the inquiry into the probable cause of the enervation, which might naturally have followed the highest exertion of her energies, is a totally distinct one from that into the particular form given to this enervation by her classical learning; and it is a matter of considerable regret to me that I cannot treat these two subjects separately. I must be content with marking them for separation in the mind of the reader.

The effect, then, of the sudden enthusi-

asm for classical literature, which gained strength during every hour of the fifteenth century, was, as far as respected architecture, to do away with the entire system of Gothic science. The painted arch, the shadowy vault, the clustered shaft, the heaven-pointing spire, were all swept away; and no structure was any longer permitted but that of the plain cross-beam from pillar to pillar over the round arch, with square or circular shafts, and a low-gabled roof and pediment; two elements of noble form, which had fortunately existed in Rome, were, however, for that reason still permitted; the cupola, and, internally, the wagon vault.

The changes in form were, all of them, unfortunate; and it is almost impossible to do justice to the occasionally exquisite ornamentation of the fifteenth century, on account of its being placed upon edifices of the cold and meagre Roman outline. There is, as far as I know, only one Gothic building in Europe, the Duomo of Florence, in which, though the ornament be of a much earlier school, it is yet so exquisitely finished, as to enable us to imagine what might have been the effect of the perfect workmanship of the Renaissance, coming out of the hands of men like Verrocchio and Ghiberti, had it been employed on the magnificent framework of Gothic structure. This is the question which, as I shall note in the concluding chapter, we ought to set ourselves practically to solve in modern times.

The changes effected in form, however, were the least part of the evil principles of the Renaissance. As I have just said, its main mistake, in its earliest stages, was the unwholesome demand for *perfection*, at any cost. I hope enough has been advanced, in the chapter on the nature of Gothic, to show the reader that perfection is *not* to be had from the general workman, but at the cost of everything,—of his whole life, thought, and energy. And Renaissance Europe thought this a small price to pay for manipulative perfection. Men like Verrocchio and Ghiberti were not to be had every day, nor in every place; and to require from the common workman execution or knowledge like theirs, was to require him to become their copyist. Their strength was great enough to enable them to join science with invention, method with emotion, finish with fire; but in them, the invention and fire were first, while Europe saw in them only the method and finish. This was new to the minds of men, and they pursued it to the neglect of everything else. "This," they cried, "we must have in all our work henceforward," and they were obeyed. The lower workman secured method and finish, and lost, in exchange for them, his soul.

Now, therefore, do not let me be misunderstood, when I speak generally of the evil spirit of Renaissance. The reader may look through all I have written, from first to last, and he will not find one word but of the most profound reverence for those mighty men who could wear the Renaissance armor of proof, and yet not feel it encumber their living limbs,—Leonardo and Michael Angelo, Ghirlandajo and Massaccio, Titian and Tintoret. But I speak of the Renaissance as an evil time, because, when it saw those men go burning forth into battle, it mistook their armour for their strength; and forthwith encumbered with

the painful panoply every stripling who ought to have gone forth, only with his own choice of three smooth stones out of the brook.

VALPARAISO.

(Communicated for the *Intelligencer*.)

In a former letter I gave you some account of our passage through the Straits of Magalhaens and our entering the Pacific. A few days afterwards we reached Valparaiso. Even though we had not come from a very hospitable shore, I do not think that any one on board our ship would have been inclined to give the sterile monotonous coast outstretched before us the name, even in comparison with Patagonia, of the "Vale of Paradise." The Spaniards, however, so called it, not on account of the appearance of the country, as is frequently supposed, but because of the climate, which is one of the best in the world, and was peculiarly grateful to those who came from the coast of Peru. To us it was delicious; the atmosphere so dry and the heavens so clear and blue, with the sun shining brightly, that all Nature seemed sparkling with life.

Of the importance of the harbor of Valparaiso it is unnecessary to speak, as it has for so long a time been frequented by our ships. Whalers, however, rarely enter it, as it is exposed to the north, and in winter the winds are very strong from that quarter. The sea rolls heavily, and the gales are so severe as to render the anchorage exceedingly dangerous. Indeed, in stormy weather it is almost impossible to pass along the mole in front of the custom-house. A wooden structure for the convenience of boats, stretching a short distance into the water, has frequently been damaged and destroyed by the sea.

Although some detached houses, built on little levels artificially made on the declivities of the hills, have a picturesque appearance, the aspect of the city is not very pleasing. The chief part of the town is built at the very foot of a range of high and steep hills, and stretches out to the northward in a long straggling street in a double row of houses called the *Almendra*. To the southward it rises on three hills, called by the English the fore, main, and mizen tops. In this part the streets, or rather paths, are so irregular as to defy all calculation on the part of a stranger who ventures to explore their intricacies; they run above and below him. He stands at the base of one house and looks down upon the tile roof of another, and layer upon layer of shabby-looking buildings are piled together in the crevices, clinging like shell-fish to the rock, or growing like moss wherever a foundation may be had. The wretched streets in this part of the town are very dangerous, and it sometimes happens that people fall over the edges of the chasms and are killed.

Neither the general assemblage of buildings nor individual houses can boast of much architectural beauty. The most noticeable building is the custom-house, which, from its position on the mole, attracts the attention of all who arrive. Near by is the Exchange, in which we found a fine reading-room, containing most of the American and European newspapers—quite a treat for one who had not heard from the United States for six months. Near, too, is the *Café de la Bolsa*, the great rendezvous of grave and gay, of gentle and simple, the mart of business and gossip, the place where the stranger seeks amusement, friend seeks his friend; where the idler and the busybody seek the general news and pick up crumbs of gossip. Those who have sojourned in a foreign land, and know in what bubbles a traveller's happiness consists, can appreciate the blessing of such a place. In the street in front the crowded thoroughfare sends up a continual roar. There is a noisy ever-changing crowd, made up

of merchants, ecclesiastics, tradesmen, water-carriers, pedlars, cigar venders, &c., whose discordant voices mingle with the rumbling of wheels, the clatter of hoofs, and the clang of bells.

There is one of the observances in Valparaiso, as in many other Catholic countries, which struck me as being peculiarly impressive and beautiful. I refer to the evening service to the Virgin.* Just as the evening twilight commences the vesper-bell tolls. In a moment, throughout the crowded city, the hum of business is hushed, the thronged streets are still; the gay multitudes that crowd the public walks stand motionless; the angry dispute and the merry laugh cease; the multitude uncover their heads; then the bell rings a merrier peel, the crowds move again in the streets, and the rush and turmoil of business recommence.

Descriptions of churches are generally dull and tedious matters for readers who are, like travellers, in search only of amusement; and we will dismiss those of Valparaiso with the simple remark that they are exceedingly plain and simple, undistinguished either for architectural beauty or internal decorations. The opera-house is a quite large though very plain building.

The scenery in the immediate vicinity of the city is gloomy; the mountains are entirely destitute of trees, and their huge outlines lay black, and barren, and desolate against the sky. In the distance, however, in a north-easterly direction, there are some fine glimpses of the Andes. The volcano of Aconcagua (a huge and irregular conical mass, having an elevation of 23,000 feet above the level of the sea), particularly on fine evenings, when gilded by the rays of the setting sun, imparted a peculiar charm to the landscape. It was admirable to watch how clearly the rugged outlines could be distinguished, yet how varied and how delicate were the shades of color.

It was my good fortune during my stay in Chile to visit the Valley of Quillota, which does indeed deserve the name of the "Vale of Paradise." No one who had seen only the country in the neighborhood of the city, with its bleak and rugged mountains and clusters of weather-stained and dilapidated houses, roofed with red tiles and basking in the sun, could ever imagine that there had been such picturesque scenery within forty miles. The valley is very broad and quite flat, filled with little square gardens, crowded with orange and olive trees, delicious fruits and flowers; the clear sky; the pure balmy air laden with sweetness—everything that makes existence joyous, and renders the sons and daughters of that clime the children of impulse and sensation. It was here that I first witnessed the chief amusement of the Chileans. Like all South Americans, they are very fond of the dance, and almost every evening the sound of the guitar and the measured beat of the castanet summoned a merry company to take part in the favorite exercise. I find the following account relating to their pastime, translated, I believe, from the German, which I transcribe:—

"The favorite dance so much in vogue among the Spanish and their descendants, but which is, in fact, of Moorish origin, is designed to represent, as is well-known, the different stages or shades in the progress of the tender passion—love, desire, hope, proud disdain, and relenting tenderness. Cold refusal and warm confession of the 'soft impeachment' are vividly represented by means of the modulation of the music and the voluptuous movement of the dancers. Temperament and custom have rendered the fandango and bolero (the latter of which is but a continuation or sequel to the

former) expressive of the intoxicating joy of successful love, the especial favorites of the Spanish, and usually form the finale of all social pleasure. The reserve and characteristic hauteur of the Spaniard instantly quit the field when the light tinkling of the guitar calls him to the wanton fandango.

"It is recorded that the clergy, shocked at the immoral nature of the fandango, resolved in solemn assembly upon its suppression. A consistory was commissioned to make it the subject of inquiry; and, after due deliberation, when they were about to pronounce sentence upon and banish the dance, one of the prelates, actuated by sentiments of right and justice, and acting upon the principle that no defendant should be condemned unheard, urged that the fandango, the accused, should be brought before the bar of the court in *propria persona*. The justness of this benevolent dignitary's views was at once acknowledged, and accordingly two of the most noted Spanish dancers were summoned to appear before the court by way of counsel for the defendants; or, in other words, to introduce the fandango before the august tribunal. The dance commenced; the holy fathers, with contracted brows, looked for a while unmoved; at length the seductive charms and irresistible loveliness of the dance exhibited their effects in chasing away the wrinkles from the foreheads of its austere judges. Hostile indications and bellicose intentions with reference to the dance by imperceptible degrees merged into lively interest and fixed attention. Now, as its charms more fully developed themselves, one of the reverend gentlemen so far forgot himself and his position as to be guilty of the manifest impropriety of beating time to the movements of the music. The dance went on, becoming still more and more seductive, when one of the worthy clergy suddenly bolted from his seat, and commenced executing the movements of the dance. Another and another followed; the furore became general, the judges' bench was empty, and what was late a clerical court was suddenly metamorphosed into a dancing saloon.

"It is needless to record the verdict. The fandango was reinstated with all its former rights and privileges, and its glorious triumph has proved its security against all similar attempts on the part of the clergy."

After delaying for a month in Chile, we continued our voyaging to the northward, having, as we left the harbor, a fine view of the bay of Valparaiso, with its forests of masts, the fleet of white sails studding the horizon, and an occasional steamer's pipe leaving behind it a comet-like tail of black smoke, till at length the last trace of land disappeared. In a few days, I saw for the first time, after quite a long interval, the Great Bear—

—"The northern team,
And great Orion's more refulgent beam,
To which, around the axle of the sky,
The Bear, revolving, points his golden eye."

From the time we entered the torrid zone we were never wearied with admiring every night the beauty of the sky, which as we advanced towards the south, opened new constellations to our view. We feel indescribable sensations when, on approaching the equator, and particularly on passing from one hemisphere to the other, we see the stars which we have contemplated from our infancy progressively sink, and finally disappear. "Nothing," says a celebrated traveller, "nothing awakens in the traveller a livelier remembrance of the immense distance by which he is separated from his country than the aspect of an unknown firmament." The grouping of the stars of the first magnitude, some scattered nebulae, rivaling in splendor the milky way, and tracks of space remarkable for their extreme blackness, give a peculiar physiognomy to the southern sky. A traveller feels he is not in Europe when he sees the im-

mense constellation of the ship or the phosphorescent clouds of Magellan arise on the horizon. The heavens and the earth, everything in the equinoctial regions, assume an exotic character. When we begin to fix our eyes on geographic maps, and read the narratives of navigators, we feel for certain countries and climates a predilection for which we know not how to account at a more advanced period of life. These impressions, however, exercise a considerable influence over our determinations, and from a sort of instinct we endeavor to connect ourselves with objects on which the mind has long been fixed as by a secret charm. Once I could not raise my eyes towards the starry vault without thinking of the cross of the south, and without recalling the sublime passage of Dante, which the most celebrated commentators have applied to this constellation:

"Io mi volsi a man destra e posi mente,
All'altro polo e vidi quattro stette,
Non veste mai fuor ch'alla prima gente.
Goder parca lo ciel di lor fiammelle;
O settentrional vidovo sito
Poi che privato se di mirar quelle."

"I turned me to the right; my spirit flew
To the other pole; four stars shone sweetly bright,
Ne'er seen but by the primal privileged few:
The heavens seemed revelling in their glorious light.
Oh, desolate North! thy melancholy chime
Never looked on their gladdening ray sublime!"

In the solitude of the seas we hail a star as a friend from whom we have long been separated. Among the Portuguese and Spaniards peculiar motives seem to increase this feeling; a religious sentiment attaches them to a constellation, the form of which recalls to them the sign of a faith planted by their ancestors in the deserts of the new world.

In the calm delicious nights of the tropics, when the cloudless moon and the bright constellations of the ship and the cross, sailing through the dark azure firmament, gild with their soft magical beams every wave rippled by the perfumed breeze, the heart recalls that world of poetry, and hope, and gay young life that has all been swept away and submerged in the great ocean of the past. In the dim twilight of memory glad faces and bright eyes look out as from behind a curtain, and recollection carries us back to the youth of hope and joy, when the heart fluttered with each new prospect, chasing away upon light wing the momentary intrusion of care; faint memories of childhood come trooping in with noise and bustling joy; then dreams of strong though stripling love, sighing fond names, the throng of manhood's fiery pleasures, lofty ambitions and great hopes, cares that once born, seem ever breeding more, and griefs that leave their tracks behind. How delightful it is thus to strengthen within us the golden threads that unite our sympathies with the past! And such memories make up the pleasure of our life; for they nurse our hopes of pleasant memories to come.

Now, in the words of the veracious Sir John Maundeville, "I have passed manye landes and manye yles and contrees, and cherched manye full straunge places, and have ben in manye a fulle gode honorable compagne. Now I am comen home to reste. And, thus recordeyng the time passed, I have fulfilled these thynges and putte hem written in this boke, as it would come into my mynde."

You will probably find this letter what the Spaniards call a "Cajon de Sastre"—a wandering, desultory discourse, crammed full of shreds and patches—

"Nedyls, thred, thymbell, shers, and all suche knacks." F. P.

St. PETERSBURGH journals announce that an Exhibition of Fine Arts will be held in that capital this year, in spite of the war.—*Athenaeum*.

* This service is merely established in honor of, and in veneration for, the purity, virtue, and sanctity of the Virgin Mother of Jesus, not, as is supposed, in adoration.